Excurſions. Elinor *is reſcued by* Iohn, *and* Arthur *is taken priſoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.*

Enter Iohn, Elinor, *and* Arthur *priſoner*, Baſtard, Pembrooke, Salisbury, *and* Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn, Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou ſeeſt, France cannot bolſter thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at laſt Nephew thou yeeld thy ſelfe
Into the guardance of thine Vncle *Iohn*,
Thou ſhalt be vſed as becomes a Prince.
Arthur. Vncle, my grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuail'd, not right, for I am King
Of England, though thou weare the Diademe.
Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, ſoone ſhall we teach him to forget
Theſe proud preſumptions, and to know himſelfe.
Ioh. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liu'd not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to England now,
And take ſome order with our Popelings there,
That ſwell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ranſacke the Abbeis, Cloyſters, Priories,
Conuert their coyne vnto my ſouldiers vſe:
And whatſoere he be within my Land,
That goes to Rome for iuſtice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudg'd a traitor to the State,
And ſuffer as an enemy to England.
Mother, we leaue you here beyond the Seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in France,
While we to England take a ſpeedy courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,

Be

Be he thy Priſoner: *Hubert* keepe him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crown
But in his death conſiſts thy Soueraignes bliſſe:
Then *Hubert*, as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So vſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.
Hubert. Frolicke young Prince though I your ke
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your command.
Arth. As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me
Q. Elian. My ſonne to England I will ſee thee
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore,
Baſt. Now warres are done I long to be at home
To diue into the Monks and Abbots bagges,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth skind Nun
And keepe ſome reuell with the ſanzen Friers.
Iohn. To England Lords, each looke vnto your
And arme your ſelues againſt the Romane pride.

Enter the King of France, Lewis *his ſonne, Cardinall* Pandolph *Legate, and* Conſtance.

Philip. What, euery man attacht with this miſhap
Why frowne you ſo, why droope ye Lords of Franc
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde.
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chance.
Had *Lymoges* eſcapt the Baſtards ſpight,
A little ſorrow might haue ſeru'd our loſſe.
Braue *Auſtria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.
Card. His ſoule is ſafe and free from Purgatory,
Our holy Father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
The bleſſed Saints haue heard our Oriſons,
And all are mediators for his ſoule,
And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
His Holineſſe free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainſt Engliſh Heretikes,
Who ſtand accurſed in our mother Church.

Enter Conſtance *alone.*